

## The Intelligencer.

OFFICE: Nos. 23 and 27 Fourteenth Street.

The Reform Democrats of Cincinnati will stick. Somebody will be stuck.

JAY EYE-SIS is a faster flyer than S. J. T. This is a friendly hint to a great party.

The suicide mania is cutting a big swath through the land. And yet the dog days have come and gone.

Once more Judge Hoadly is on the eve of mounting the rostrum. It is an event in the Judge's checkered career.

Rev. "ADIRONDACK" MURRAY is lecturing on Theology vs. Christianity. He knows more about backbones and fish than than either.

SENATOR PENDLETON is working his way toward Bellaire. Being within telephoning distance perhaps he will be good enough to give us his private opinion of the ticket and its chances.

Wool shows some advance in price. This will be for the grower and bad for the anti-protection mouthing politicians. How will the wire-workers explain it? The tariff is just where it was when wool didn't look so well.

Once deemed fellow-townsmen, the Hon. "Bridge" Cracraft, is busy building a railroad to the moon. He is also a candidate for Congress. He is likewise "diamond-throated." Moreover he will not sit in the seat of General Goff. But he has leave to print his remarks on the railroad to the moon.

The Ritchie Gazette concludes that the Democratic newspapers "mean defense of the Democratic party of the State at the expense of the prosperity of the West Virginia University." Yes, that is clearly enough the Democratic policy, very pointedly stated. This is what the Bourbon machine understands by non-partisan management of the University.

MR. JARRETT goes out of the Presidency of the Amalgamated Association taking with him the regard of the men for whom he acted, of the employees with whom he has had some vigorous bouts, and of the public which was largely interested in the judicial administration of his office. In the position which he has now been called to fill his opportunities will still be great for allaying the cause of American labor. Born under free trade, familiar with industrial conditions under the policy of protection, himself a workman, he knows which policy is better for the American who earns his bread in the sweat of his brow.

The Philadelphia Press makes an exhibit which is very creditable to Republican administration in Pennsylvania. In 1860, when the Republican party assumed control, there was a State debt of \$37,900,000. They have reduced this by \$18,114,000, paid a war debt of \$3,000,000 and spent \$2,252,000 for the support and education of soldiers' orphans. The debt now is for provided for by taxation is \$8,965,000. In the face of bitter Democratic opposition the Republican party removed the State tax from real estate, so that now the Press is able to say, "ours is the only State Government that does not tax its real estate and farm implements and stock for its support." Other revenue reforms have been brought about by the Republican party. The Democratic party is able to "point with pride" to a regular and irregular session of the Legislature of 1883 costing the people \$638,580, being \$64,102 more than the session of 1881, and nothing to show for the increase—\$3,036 a day to enable the Democratic party to give a practical demonstration of its idea of reform. In West Virginia, also, we have a violent demonstration of the same capacity to reform public affairs the wrong way. For all this the Democratic party asks the country to throw down the arms and let the rascals into the green pastures of the National Government. "Who can guess what the country will do?"

## A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION

On the Lake—A Nipper Blown to Pieces.

The Crew Entirely Scalded.

BUFFALO, N. Y., September 29.—The steamer Colorado, laden with freight for Chicago, left her dock at the foot of Erie street, at half-past 10 to-night. When a quarter of a mile out the boiler burst with terrible force, carrying away the smokestack, decks and wood-works from the cabin to the stern. The vessel will be a total loss. The steamer was towed to a safe place. The Colorado belonged to the Commercial Line, and was manned by twenty-five men. The First Engineer was Thomas Smith; Second, Allen Ruschew. The deckhands were Hy. Ackert, Henry Allen, Fred Smith, Christian Hulett and the mates were Sam Monaghan and the crew were badly scalded. The two firemen, probably fatally. Daniel Ellis and James Farrell, are missing, and supposed to have been blown into the lake with the balance of the wreck. Captain Feltner and the mates are uninjured. Deck hand Henry Allen died after being carried off the boat. The tug Griffin happened to be near the Colorado at the time of the explosion, and rendered all the assistance possible.

## PARKERSBURG.

Correspondence of the Intelligencer.

PARKERSBURG, September 29.—The funeral of Gen. James L. Moorehead will take place to-morrow afternoon from his residence in the country. Gen. Moorehead died on Friday.

The remains of Mr. F. V. Rathbone arrived here on the 3 o'clock train this a. m. The funeral will take place to-morrow at 2:30 p. m. Mr. Rathbone died of quick consumption, contracted during the flood of February. At that time the works belonging to Rhode &amp; Rathbone were submerged, and after that time everything was in a damp condition for several weeks, and that is supposed to have caused the contraction of a severe cold which settled on his lungs and resulted as stated. His death is generally felt.

## Buried in their Sin.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., September 30.—

About 5 o'clock this morning a story and a half frame house in the eastern part of Shelbyville, Ind., occupied by Kittle Wells as a house of ill-repute, was set on fire and entirely consumed. Flora Garret and Maggie Wells, two of the inmates, who were sleeping in a back room upstairs, unable to escape, were burned to death.

## TYLER AND WETZEL.

## THE BIG FAIR AT MIDDLEBOURNE.

A Natural Sheep Country—Improving the Stock.

The Coming Railroad and the Demand for Interior Development—Narrow Gauge Railroads—The Ohio River Road.

From the Editor of the Intelligencer.

SEPTEMBER 29.—Desiring in one article to include some general remarks about the two interesting counties of Tyler and Wetzel, and for the additional reason that at the time of writing the writer is in neither of the above counties, this letter is not dated from anywhere in particular.

At this moment let it be supposed that we—which stands for the reader and the writer—are driving at a rattling pace into Middlebourne, the county seat of Tyler. It is the last day of Tyler's first fair. It is a bright, beautiful morning, and though the late September sun is high it is not uncomfortable, for the air that blows over these hills and comes sweeping down these valleys is a crisp reminder of the advancing autumn.

## SPLendid SUCCESS OF TYLER'S FAIR.

Whence come the people? The narrow roads are alive. Sight-seers are pouring in from all quarters, in vehicles of every description, horseback, auto. Some of them, I am told, live thirty miles away—and as yet there is no railroad in this region. Middlebourne is crowded with people. The streets are filled with horses and vehicles. It is a good, quiet, neighborly, expectant crowd. How many people? Three thousand, to-day, they say; yesterday, between 5,000 and 6,000, admiration twenty-five cents. In point of attendance, then, here is a very handsome success. The best fair is a failure if the people do not come to see it. But the Middlebourne fair is a success apart from the people. There is a good exhibit of live stock—fat cattle, horses, milch cows, sheep, swine and the like. I hear farmers say they have at home better stock than this; if they had known that the fair was going to be so great a thing they would have been seen here in the exhibit; they will be on hand next year. All the world applauds success, and more than half of it wants to see success assured. When I come down here some day I expect to see many more exhibits, and better ones. This is one result of an agricultural fair that makes an impression. It sets people to thinking and to doing.

## IMPROVING THE STOCK.

The intelligent farmers of Tyler, and the observing visitors from neighboring counties, will take away the lesson of this meeting. They will improve their stock. Some of this improvement will be seen next year, and more the year after. Nature fashioned Tyler and Wetzel for pastoral industry. There are rich, highly productive bottom lands, but the greater part of the area is hilly and that washes away under frequent exposure, and for other reasons is not profitable for corn crops. But sheep thrive splendidly on these hills. There is abundant shelter, a never failing supply of pure water. After the clearing comes the blue grass. You see at a glance that horses do well, and I am glad to hear that the attention is being paid to this profitable employment. There are some fine stallions at the fair—one of them a handsome Norman. Such blood is this bred with the best native stock will give draught horses such as our friend Philo Kimberly showed at the State Fair with many creditable results. Cattle do well, though I think there is more money in horses and sheep for these counties, for the present at least. I do not see what natural advantages the Northern Panhandle has over these counties for sheep-raising. The sheep industry is going ahead and bettering itself. Look to see some vigorous rivalry spring up in this richly endowed natural sheep pasture.

## WOMAN'S WORK.

I am very much interested in the Foral Hall. The floral exhibit is not large—it is a little late for that, and there are some other drawbacks. But the hall contains many evidences of good housekeeping. There is a "crazy" quilt of silk and velvet. I should like to lay before some of the working ladies who are experts in that work. The quilt was made by a daughter of Capt. Basil T. Bowers, of New Martinsville, and took first premium. I have not seen more more beautiful preserves and jellies than those made by the women of Tyler. They were made of bread, green cakes and well baked pies which show that the good women of Tyler know something about the turnpike road to the hearts of men. There are blankets and woolen cloths, and woman's work, but the most creditable to the fair is the exhibit of the ladies. From the talk among the ladies I infer that next year this department will be made even more attractive.

## The Officers of the Fair Association.

The officers of the Fair Association, to whose zealous efforts is due the success of the fair, are: Wm. M. Powell, President; J. T. Taggart, Vice-President; John Rigley, Treasurer; A. B. Smith, editor of the Tyler county Star; Secretary; Hon. Wm. M. Powell, member of the House of Delegates, Chief Marshal; Directors—Thomas J. Swan, L. A. Martin, S. H. Bass, D. S. Ash, John W. Warren, G. W. Stocking, A. L. Corby, Wm. Corbett, James Stealy, E. B. Long, G. W. Korbach, O. W. O. Hardman, E. H. Fetty.

Seated in the judges' stand chatting with Colonel John Johnson, while the ladies are showing that the women of Tyler know how to ride their horses, the Colonel told me that he wasn't bothering himself about politics in these days. He wants to see his county developed, and he is doing it. He doesn't know but he will have to make the start himself. His state mail is doing well, but would do better with a railroad to bring it nearer to the river.

## RAILROADS.

Railroad? Bless you, yes. Everybody wants a railroad. The River Road is as much a fixed fact as though it were in operation. A contractor may drop his work and leave in a hurry, but the work goes on rapidly. Engineer Gore, of the second division, who by the way, read law with Angus McDonald in Romney, more than thirty years ago, tells me that he will soon be through with his part of the work, and he has no doubt that the road will be in operation by Christmas. The people here are on tip-toe of expectation, hoping, not without reason, for great things in the way of convenience and development. They are talking a good deal, too, about feeders to bring down to the river the people and the products of the back country. For this purpose the narrow gauge is obviously the thing. Many projects are spoken of, but as yet there is nothing definite, nor, in my judgment, is there likely to be until outside capital shall be induced to come in. Almost every creek tributary to the Ohio offers a comparatively easy way for a narrow gauge road. Sistersville is a place where a railroad connection with Middlebourne people, but the Middlebourne people seem to be looking more in the direction of New Martinsville, a longer, but better, route. It is thought this route would follow Middlebourne creek to Point Pleasant creek, thence along

that water course through the south-western corner of Wetzel to New Martinsville. Each of these suggestions contemplates a possible extension to Clarksburg, forming an important link between the Baltimore and Ohio and the River Road. Another suggestion carries this road from Middlebourne to the Ohio River at Middle Island creek, striking the Ohio at Long Reach. West Union in Doddridge, and Pennsylvania in Ritchie are also suggested terminal points on the Baltimore &amp; Ohio. In New Martinsville, where it is alive to the possibilities of the situation, I hear a good deal said about a road up Fishing creek to tap the coal and timber lands. This road would strike a new large settlement, but it ought to make for itself a considerable and profitable freight traffic.

## THE PEOPLE IN RUSHES.

There are other suggestions, but these will give you some idea of what the people are thinking about. They seem in earnest, and I believe they know their interest well enough to give liberal encouragement to responsible persons who mean business. There is wealth in this back country, but it will require the railroad, and more than one, to make it worth a hundred counties.

The River Road is doing some splendid bridge work at New Martinsville. Indeed, it seems to be doing all its work with a view to stability. In company with Captain Bowers and Colonel Robert White, of the Tyler and Wetzel Railroad, who are the bridge work, and in council assembled we agreed upon the above report. As we walked along the river front we saw on the other side the engineers at work locating the line for General Warner's Ohio Valley Road. It is now about half a mile from the Tyler and Wetzel bridge work, and in council assembled we agreed upon the above report. As we walked along the river front we saw on the other side the engineers at work locating the line for General Warner's Ohio Valley Road. It is now about half a mile from the Tyler and Wetzel bridge work, and in council assembled we agreed upon the above report. As we walked along the river front we saw on the other side the engineers at work locating the line for General Warner's Ohio Valley Road. It is now about half a mile from the Tyler and Wetzel bridge work, and in council assembled we agreed upon the above report.

## ATTEMPTED TRAIN ROBBERY.

The Bandits Give a Warm Reception and Drive Off.

TOPEKA, Kan., September 29.—The cannon-ball express train of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Road was attacked and boarded by masked robbers at an early hour this morning at Coolidge, Kan., near the Colorado State line. W. W. Bost, division superintendent of the Atchison, Topeka &amp; Santa Fe, reported the affair to the general office of the road as follows:

## LA JONTA, September 29, 1883.

"An train No. 4, Conductor G. L. Greeley, John Hilton, engineer, was ready to pull out of Coolidge this morning three men jumped on the express car and commenced shooting. The conductor, Greeley, fired at the express messenger, who returned the fire, when the men ran forward, shooting into the cab of the engine, killing Engineer Hilton and wounding Fireman George Fadden. The gang is supposed to have been composed of cow-boys. I will state that a special train with a Sheriff and posse from Dodge City as soon as an engine and crew can be got ready; also one from here with the Sheriff from West Las Animas. I have offered a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of each of the three men. The bandits are now in the hands of the law. Have it published in the papers and hand bills printed. W. W. Bost."

## Coolidge, where the robbery took place,

is a little station on the Santa Fe Road, four miles west of Kansas City, and, aside from the telegraph office, is almost uninhabited. The train which leaves Kansas City at 6:35 a. m., bound west, passed Coolidge at 2:45 a. m., and the train attacked by the robbers left Denver at 2:30 p. m. Friday and La Jonta at 2:50, and was due at Coolidge at 3:40 this morning. The train arrived here at 3 o'clock this afternoon, and the express messenger, S. S. Peterson, who fired upon the robbers and drove them off, gives the following account of the affair:

## GIVEN A WARM RECEPTION.

"We arrived at Coolidge on time, and had been standing there about ten minutes when a man jumped into my car and shot at me. I was lying down, and about half asleep. As I rose my revolver came to an aim, and I fired one shot. I think it took effect. Just then Conductor Greeley stepped up on the outside, and the robber shot once at the conductor. He then jumped out the car door and escaped. I think that there were four shots fired in the express car. While this was going on another man jumped on the engine and ordered the engineer to pull out, but hearing the shooting in the express car he refused to do so. A second time the bandit ordered him to go, but instead of obeying he took his hand from the throttle, and the engine stopped. The man who had shot at me died almost instantly. Then the fireman, George Fadden, jumped off, and as he did so the villain shot him in the back of the head. Fadden was still living when we left Coolidge, and could talk some, but I heard at Nickerson that he died in about an hour.

There were three of the bandits. The one that came into my car was dressed in black. He had on a black slouch hat and wore long heavy black whiskers all over his face. He was dressed in a black suit. The gang did not look to me as though they were cow-boys. The only other person in my car was the baggage-master. When the shooting commenced he jumped out and ran down to the rear end of the train. We brought Hilton's body to Dodge City. At Cammaron we met the sheriff's posse going out to capture the robbers, and I am in hopes they will get them. We waited there until another engineer could be secured and came on. The robbers did not get any thing. They were so badly frightened that they were a little too hot a place. We did not have very much money in the safe."

## A Singular Suicide.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., September 29.—

At about 9 o'clock to-night some plumbars at work in an alley heard sounds of human distress, which, upon investigation, were found to come from a man who was in the act of committing suicide in a novel manner. He had hung himself with a rope to the top of a five foot fence, holding up his legs so as to effect strangulation. He died within a few minutes after being cut down. In his pockets were found papers which showed that he was Watson N. Clark, of Cardington, Ohio; that he was fifty-five years old, and had belonged to the Sixty-sixth Ohio Regiment. A letter from his brother John, of Walnut, Pa., spoke of efforts being made to secure an increase of his pension. There was also a postal card from his daughter in Cardington. The deceased was a stranger here, hence no cause can be assigned for the suicide.

## Adirondack Murray on Christianity.

New York, September 30.—Ex-Rev.

"Adirondack" Murray lectured to-night in Chickering Hall on "Christianity vs. Theology." He held that reason leads us to reject Christianity taught by theologians, but, Christianity taught by Christ himself is worthy of our acceptance.

## JARRETT RETIRES.

## AFTER AN HONORABLE CAREER.

As President of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers—He is Requested to Resign—Brief Sketch of His Eventful Life—Valdettory Address.

Pittsburgh, September 30.—Last evening while Mr. Jarrett was going over the final details incident to turning over the affairs of the office to his successor, a few of his friends, mainly his colleagues and associates in the Amalgamated Association, slipped out and arranged a little surprise for him. At 9 o'clock they captured him at the General Office and escorted him down to Scheldet's, where a sumptuous banquet had been spread. Mr. Jarrett sat at the head of the table with the new President of the Association, Hon. Wm. Weir, at the foot. Around the board were Secretary Martin, Col. Thomas A. Armstrong and Thomas Telford, of the Labor Tribune, S. S. Wainwright, J. S. Morgan, James Penny, John Armstrong, P. F. Keeney and Jacob M. Guley, of this city; Capt. W. N. Lynch, of Wheeling; John J. Davis, of Sharon, and James Nutt, Richard Miller and James Jones, of Youngstown, O. After the solid dainties had received appreciative attention, Secretary Martin proposed the health of the retiring President. Mr. Jarrett responded, speaking in feeling terms of the sympathy and warm co-operation he had always received from his associates in the Amalgamated Association, the press, &amp;c., and a friendly interchange of expressions of esteem the time was beguiled until near midnight.

## A SKETCH OF MR. JARRETT.

John Jarrett, by creed, birth and business, is a man of iron. He was born within sound of the furnace in 1843, in the town of Ebbs Vale, in Monmouthshire, on the southern border of Wales. His father was a smith and well-to-do. His mother died when he was 8 years old, and his father four years later, leaving him and a younger brother. Up to this time he had attended the National school of the town, but with the death of his parents the control of the boys' estate passed into the hands of their uncle and within six months young John was put to work doing odd jobs in the iron mill. He had no further education, except that which comes with the tough experience of earning one's own way in the world. He had got on so far as to be a boiler-maker, and in the Ebbs Vale mill when he was in his mind to migrate to America. He was young and strong. He had read and heard a great deal of the liberty in the land beyond the sea, and the opportunities to get rich there. So he came to seek his fortune.

## Ninth Street, New York.

New York, September 30.—A middle-aged German, only known as "Henry," was almost instantly killed to night in the basement at 152 Greenwich street, by another unknown German. The murdered man was in the emigrant employment agency at that number, as a porter. The murderer applied for sleeping quarters to-night and was refused. He immediately attacked the porter with a knife and slashing his throat severed the jugular vein.

## Newspersons' War on the Papers.

New York, September 30.—The new-dealers on the East Side to-day effected a permanent organization. A mass meeting of the newspapermen of the city will be held Tuesday evening at which united action will be taken for the reduction of prices. On the way to the meeting several local associations will march in bodies and banners bearing the inscriptions, "Success to the Tribune," "The Tribune the Workingmen's Friend," will be carried.

## Powder Works Explosion.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 29.—An explosion this evening at the California Powder Works, Slight Station, the scene of several recent disasters, resulted in the death and horrible mangle of forty Chinese out of a working force of forty-two. One white man is reported injured.

## GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

The Texas cotton crop is a failure.

Snyder's bank, at Chenoa, Ill., has closed its doors.

The Teasdale flouring mill at Batavia, O., burned last Saturday.

The funeral of George Knapp, proprietor of the St. Louis Republican, took place yesterday.

There are eighty cases of measles at the Girls' industrial home, near Delaware, O.

The Conway Manufacturing Company's planing mill, at Milwaukee, Wis., was destroyed by fire yesterday morning. Loss \$100,000.

John Contwell, a farmer 60 years old, residing four miles north of Celina, Ohio, shot and killed his wife while she was digging potatoes.

A gang of five counterfeiters were arrested Saturday evening on one of the shanty boats floating in Willow Run, between Covington, Ky.

Yeager &amp; Anderson's Dockery flouring mill, near German, Lutheran church, and two residences were burned at Portsmouth, O., Saturday. Loss \$140,000.

There was a story on Wall street Saturday to the effect that a Nickel-plated barholder is about to bring suit to test the control of the road purchased by the Lake Shore.

The coroner's jury in the Rose Ambler case found that she came to her death by being choked by some unknown person, but with suspicion pointing strongly toward Lewis.

The reunion of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania cavalry will take place at Pittsburgh on Wednesday, October 10. Among the speakers will be George Thayer Melvin of Wheeling, W. Va.

The Columbus, O., Saloon-keepers' Association refused to submit to an additional amendment to be used in fighting the second amendment. Individual members, however, will contribute to the fund.

Saturday morning a store boat which had been occupied by two men, was found burned to ashes in the Ohio river two miles above Rockport, Ind. In the hull was the charred body of a man who had been shot in the head and pounded with a hatchet. The perpetrator of the foul deed escaped, and the names of the parties are unknown.

The Gentlemen's Driving Park, at New York, was crowded on Saturday to the danger limit by the eager thousands who had gone out to witness the great race between Jay-See and St. Julien. The track was heavy, and the fast by a nose and the Sixth District, who had been in the conditions were in the old horse's favor. The betting was \$100 to \$20, and in some cases \$100 to \$40 in favor of St. Julien. To the surprise of all the colts won three straight heats, the first by a nose and the second by a half length. The time was 2:20; 2:18; and 2:20.

## SHE PROMISED TO DIE.

## AND JOIN HER DEAD HUSBAND.

The Tragic Death of Mrs. Dr. Newton, of Pittsburgh—She Had Calmly Planned and Prepared for Death—Letters of the Niece to the Undertaker and Her Nephew.

Pittsburgh, September 29.—"Oh, let me die! I can not live, and must die!" Thus muttered Mrs. Fannie Bryant Newton, as she writhed in agony in a little bed-room at No. 151 Second avenue, this morning.

With what little strength she had left she resisted desperately every effort of the physicians to relieve her of the fifteen grains of morphia which she had taken but a few hours before. "It would be charity to me to die. I promised Doctor I would do it, and I have done it," she said, with a determination that left no doubt as to her intentions when she took the drug. With an almost superhuman effort she placed her hand over her mouth and held it firmly to prevent the morphia from escaping, and the stomach pump. Her resistance, however, was of no avail, nor were the attempts of the physicians to restore her, for in a few hours afterward she became unconscious, and at 3 o'clock expired.

The appearance of the room and the body of water which had placed there for the many of the details usually assumed by the undertaker and others in the event of a death. She had taken a bath, and was tastefully attired in clean and well-fitting garments. Near the body was a pall of white cloth, and the room was filled with the undertaker for embalming purposes, and on a table was a package containing letters and telegrams. One of the former was addressed to the Coroner, and said, "I have taken fifteen grains of morphia, with suicidal intent. You need hold no inquest." The others were addressed to Dr. G. H. Thuman, John Burns, undertaker, and to Mrs. Miller, the landlady.

## A SAD STORY.

There is a sad story connected with the self destruction of this woman. Eight years ago she was employed in the office of Dr. Orrin Newton, a prominent and prosperous physician of Cincinnati, as copyist. Though not particularly handsome, she was refined and accomplished. As the years rolled by the Doctor's fortune was lost in reckless speculation in stocks, and the demon of discord entered the household. It was charged that his attentions to his fair copyist were not such as should be bestowed upon an employee, and a separation between himself and wife took place. This was followed by a divorce suit, which was soon settled. The Doctor then came to this city, bringing Fannie Bryant, the suicide, with him as housekeeper. He established an office at 150 Second avenue, advertised very extensively and built up a good practice. His dependence upon his wife for her services did not relieve him from annoyance, and frequently he received letters from his wife's lawyer, which affected him. He was a confirmed morphia eater, and when he was found dead, two weeks ago, the Coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide, and the cause of death was morphia.

## NEWSPERSONS' WAR ON THE PAPERS.

New York, September 30.—The new-dealers on the East Side to-day effected a permanent organization. A mass meeting of the newspapermen of the city will be held Tuesday evening at which united action will be taken for the reduction of prices. On the way to the meeting several local associations will march in bodies and banners bearing the inscriptions, "Success to the Tribune," "The Tribune the Workingmen's Friend," will be carried.

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Pittsburgh, September 29.—"Oh, let me die! I can not live, and must die!" Thus muttered Mrs. Fannie Bryant Newton, as she writhed in agony in a little bed-room at No. 151 Second avenue, this morning.

With what little strength she had left she resisted desperately every effort of the physicians to relieve her of the fifteen grains of morphia which she had taken but a few hours before. "It would be charity to me to die. I promised Doctor I would do it, and I have done it," she said, with a determination that left no doubt as to her intentions when she took the drug. With an almost superhuman effort she placed her hand over her mouth and held it firmly to prevent the morphia from escaping, and the stomach pump. Her resistance, however, was of no avail, nor were the attempts of the physicians to restore her, for in a few hours afterward she became unconscious, and at 3 o'clock expired.

The appearance of the room and the body of water which had placed there for the many of the details usually assumed by the undertaker and others in the event of a death. She had taken a bath, and was tastefully attired in clean and well-fitting garments. Near the body was a pall of white cloth, and the room was filled with the undertaker for embalming purposes, and on a table was a package containing letters and telegrams. One of the former was addressed to the Coroner, and said, "I have taken fifteen grains of morphia, with suicidal intent. You need hold no inquest." The others were addressed to Dr. G. H. Thuman, John Burns, undertaker, and to Mrs. Miller, the landlady.

## A SAD STORY.

There is a sad story connected with the self destruction of this woman. Eight years ago she was employed in the office of Dr. Orrin Newton, a prominent and prosperous physician of Cincinnati, as copyist. Though not particularly handsome, she was refined and accomplished. As the years rolled by the Doctor's fortune was lost in reckless speculation in stocks, and the demon of discord entered the household. It was charged that his attentions to his fair copyist were not such as should be bestowed upon an employee, and a separation between himself and wife took place. This was followed by a divorce suit, which was soon settled. The Doctor then came to this city, bringing Fannie Bryant, the suicide, with him as housekeeper. He established an office at 150 Second avenue, advertised very extensively and built up a good practice. His dependence upon his wife for her services did not relieve him from annoyance, and frequently he received letters from his wife's lawyer, which affected him. He was a confirmed morphia eater, and when he was found dead, two weeks ago, the Coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide, and the cause of death was morphia.

## NEWSPERSONS' WAR ON THE PAPERS.

New York, September 30.—The new-dealers on the East Side to-day effected a permanent organization. A mass meeting of the newspapermen of the city will be held Tuesday evening at which united action will be taken for the reduction of prices. On the way to the meeting several local associations will march in bodies and banners bearing the inscriptions, "Success to the Tribune," "The Tribune the Workingmen's Friend," will be carried.

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